



One-Eighty Degrees In My Veins

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Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: HE JUST WANTS EDDIE'S ATTENTION OKAY, Italics, Kissing, M/M, Making Out, a lot again sorry, hes also kind of stupid, richie is SO SOFT FOR EDDIE DON'T FIGHT ME ON THIS, so let me start, thats why he seems so nervous in this

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, bill and bev have like two lines, honestly the rest are just mentioned, mike and ben are mentioned

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

It was different between the two, until it wasn't.

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Author's Note:

THANK YOU SKY FOR BEING MY BETA, YOU'RE
SUCH A BABE, I LOVE YOU <3

It started with the homecoming dance. Bill went with Bev, Ben awkwardly third wheeling, and Mike with some girl from his history class. Eddie and Richie were going solo. ("Why aren't you asking anybody, Eddie?" "Why aren't *you* asking anybody, Richie?" "Oh, I did. Your mom said no.")

They all sat at the same table, eating some of the stale food that the school put out for them.

"I don't know why I'm here," Eddie said.

"What? Why? Aren't you having fun?" Beverly frowns.

"Of course I am, It's just," he feels Richie put a hand on his knee, "You got Bill.. Ben's- well I don't know what he's doing but he's enjoying himself, so.. And then Mike has his own friend. It just seems better if you have someone to dance with."

"Aw, Eds!"

Before Eddie can protest Richie's choice of words, he says, "C'mon. I'll dance with you," and pulls him to his feet to upbeat music. Yet, not even seconds later the atmosphere had changed and now he felt awkward, the slow melody playing.

"Now what?" Eddie coughs and his hand instantly reaches towards the aspirator in his pocket, not knowing what else to do.

Richie shakes his head, "We can- we can still dance.. It's just *us*. "

It was just them.

"You're right."

Richie clears his throat and holds out his hand, “May I have this dance?”

Neither of them keep a straight face and both laugh.

Eddie tries, “Of course,” and takes his hand carefully. Richie pulls him in and guides his arms around his neck. He puts his own around the smaller boy’s waist. They sway back and forth, eyes not meeting.

Richie sucks in a breath, “You look good tonight.”

“Don’t try to butter me up, Tozier. Behind your fake charm, you’re probably just getting ready to make another ‘your mom’ joke.”

“Aw, you think I’m charming?”

“Don’t flatter yourself, Trashmouth .”

“Okay, but no. I’m serious. You look good.”

Eddie smiles and feels Richie rubbing circles onto his skin, beneath his dress-shirt. He looks up and finally meets his eyes, “You don’t look half bad yourself. You clean up nice,” Eddie says before he takes his hand and runs a finger along the taller boy’s freckled cheek. Richie’s heartbeat quickens.

Eddie lets himself be pulled closer. They’re quiet but it’s not awkward anymore. Richie spins him in a circle and then they’re as close as, if not, closer than, they were seconds before. Then, they’re leaning in. Their noses touch and they can feel each other’s breath on their faces. Eddie nudges his nose against Richie’s, a silent plea of: *go on*. Their hearts are racing and they’re so close Eddie can count the freckles that litter around Richie’s eyes and nose, but it never happens. The song ends and they reluctantly pull away from their position.

After the dance, things were different between the two. They thought they were subtle about it, but they weren’t.

At first, there was more touching. It’s like they couldn’t get enough of each other. They always had to stand near each other, or they would

knock their hands together when they would walk, and they would constantly have a hand on the other's knee, or shoulder, or any body part they could reach. It didn't matter how, *but they were always touching*. Then it got more noticeable when they would crowd each other's space, or ditch their friends to be with each other instead, or make up some lame excuse on why they couldn't go with their friends somewhere but then caught with the other somewhere else.

A few times Richie and Eddie tried to sneak off to talk about their feelings, but the world apparently *hates* them and someone would always interrupt. A few times they would nearly kiss and someone would almost catch them. Sometimes they would hold hands behind their back so nobody could see, but now, the thing was, Richie was starting to get annoyed.

"It's like they *know* something is up," he whispers to Eddie. The others are downstairs waiting for them so they could head out to the movies.

"Shh, Richie.. I don't think they do. I mean, *we* don't even know what's going on, do we?"

"I-"

"*Guys! Let's go!*"

Richie sighs, "Let's go, I guess."

"Richie, wait." He doesn't.

It was different between them, until it wasn't. Richie started noticing not long after that, that Eddie was avoiding him. Or at least, it seemed so. Yeah they hung out, but not as much as even before the homecoming dance. The group was always together, but it wasn't *richieandeddie*. It just wasn't same.

They're all sitting at the lake on one of the hottest days of the summer. Ben, Mike, Bev, and Stan are all in the water playing chicken, while Bill, Eddie, and Richie sit in the sun trying to darken their skin.

"Man, I feel so fucking hot," Eddie complains.

"Your mom said the same thing to me last night, isn't that funny?" Richie smirks.

"*Richie!*"

Oh, so now he gets Eddie's attention? Game on.

"I don't know why you're making jokes, Richie, because the only thing you can complain being hot about, is being a hot fucking mess." Eddie huffs, moving a strand of hair away from his eyes.

"I see how it is, Kaspbrak. You only pay attention when your mom is involved. How cute, but that's a little fucked up, don't you think?"

"What are you talking about, Richie? You okay in the head?" Eddie sneers.

"Yeah, more than okay. Your mom just gave me the best head the other day, actually."

"Oh, *fuck* you."

"G-Guys! Cool it, chill out. What's going on between you two? This isn't a n-nice little banter like u-usual." Bill sighs, "just apologize, o-okay? Please? We're here to have fun, not a-argue."

"Don't worry about, Bill," Eddie says before standing, "I was just leaving, anyway." He pauses and yells for Stan, "Stan, you wanna come with?"

"Yeah, sure, just give me a sec! I'll meet you back at your place!"

A lightbulb went off in Richie's head. *Eddie is in love with Stan.*

“I don’t know what’s gotten into him” Eddie says, picking at the hem of his shirt.

“Not sure, either. I thought you two were a thing?”

“N-NO! .. Um, I mean no. Why would you think that?”

Stan raises his hands in defense, “Sorry, Ed. Didn’t know that was such a sensitive subject.”

“It’s *not*, Stan. Richie has just been so cold to me, recently.”

“Did something happen?”

“No.. Not that I know of. It doesn’t make any sense.”

Stan sighs, “Maybe you should make sense of it, and yanno, talk to him?”

Eddie rolls his eyes, “I-” but is cut off by a *ping* at his window.

“What was that?”

Eddie peers out his window and blinks, “It’s Richie. He’s outside of my house.”

Stan points to the door, “Aaand that’s my cue to leave. I’ll see you later.”

The same *ping* sound hits his window. And then it happens again. And again.

Eddie quickly opens it, “Can’t you just come to the front door like a normal person?”

“Oh, Eddie-”

“Richie-”

“We both know that I’m far from normal.”

Eddie helps the boy into his room and watches him dust his shorts off. He takes a breath after a few moments of silence, and so does Richie, and they end up apologizing at the same time.

They knew that they were both at fault, and said nothing else. Richie puts a hand on Eddie’s shoulder and pulls him into a hug. It felt full of apologies and guilt.

Eddie guides Richie to his bed. They lie down and tangle their legs together and remain quiet. Richie rubs Eddie’s back with his fingertips and closes his eyes. They lay like that for hours, not speaking, until they fall asleep.

When Eddie wakes up, Richie is gone. He could have sworn it was all a dream, but when he rolls over and smells his friend’s cologne on the pillow next to him, he knows it wasn’t.

Later in the day, everyone meets up at Stan’s place. Six out of seven are there, Richie being late as usual.

“Why can’t he ever be early? If he isn’t here by the time the-” Stan gets cut off by the front door opening.

“ *What’s up, fuckers?* ”

They all groan.

“You’re late.” Stan rolls his eyes.

“Yeah, but I'm early enough. The movie hasn't started, yeah?”

“No, it hasn't.”

Stan hates when Richie is right (partially because he brags about it for an entire week before he lets it go).

They all squeeze onto the couch in Stan's living room and the opening to the credits for some chick flick Bev had *begged* them to watch comes on. Bev seems to enjoy it, and the rest of them pretend to enjoy it, just to keep her happy.

Halfway through, Eddie gets up from his spot. “Um, I'm gonna get more popcorn,” he shakes the empty bowl. He makes his way to the kitchen and sighs. His hands grip the sink firmly, thinking, waiting for the popcorn to finish popping. When it does, he opens the bag and dumps it into the bowl. He turns around getting ready to exit the room, and sees Richie standing in the doorway. Eddie nearly drops the bowl. He sets it on the counter and wipes his already-sweaty hands on his shorts. He watches Richie walk toward him.

“Are you even into me, Eddie? Are you attracted to me?”

Eddie looks at him in disbelief, “You're really asking me that?”

Richie shrugs and nods.

“Rich, are you crazy? Of- Of course I'm into you. You, you're so, so fucking gorgeous.”

“I thought you were in love with Stan.”

Eddie laughs and hops up to sit on the counter, “Why on earth would you think that?”

“I-I don't know. You just seemed to be getting closer with him and I don't know- I got jealous.”

“Jealous?”

“Jealous.” Richie confirms.

"I think you need a new prescription if you're so blind that you can't see that I'm so, gut wrenchingly, in love with you."

Richie squeaks and Eddie pulls him in the space between his legs.

"What are you doing, Ed?" Richie says quietly, but Eddie swore that the boy in front of him had never spoken so loud.

"I'm going to kiss you now," and he does.

Eddie's hands make their way into Richie's hair. Their lips move together at a steady pace and Eddie bites the other boy's lip, experimenting with what he can do. He hears Richie elicit a gasp.

Richie pulls back quickly, realizing what he did, "No, *no*, we can't do this here. Our friends are in the next room"

"Of course we can. You're just gonna have to be quiet, aren't you?"

Richie's legs shake from Eddie's tone. He runs his hands up his thighs stopping them on Eddie's hips. He lets himself lean in again. The second their lips touch, Eddie melts. He just simply isn't close enough to Richie, and pulls him closer, if even possible. He wraps his legs around Richie's waist. Richie slides his tongue over Eddie's bottom lip, waiting, not wanting to overstep any boundaries. Eddie opens his mouth, letting his tongue move with Richie's. A gust of thought pours into Eddie's mind about the germs the human mouth contains, but when Richie moaned into Eddie's mouth, the thought evaporated as quickly as it had appeared.

At some point in time, they're not even *kissing* anymore, but panting into each others' mouth. Richie begins to kiss down Eddie's jaw and neck, picking a spot directly over his collarbone to bite, suck and possibly bruise. Eddie tilts his head back, Richie's curls tight in his grip, eliciting another moan from the boy in front of him.

"R-Richie.."

" *You guys, really?!* "

Richie snaps his head back to look at Stan, who'd just enter the room.

“It’s been like fifteen minutes. For fuck’s *sake* , we just wanted popcorn,” Stan reaches around Eddie, who still has his hands in Richie’s hair, and grabs the bowl.

“I’m glad you two have finally stopped being so stupid, but *please* wipe the counter down when you’re done, okay? My mom will kill me if she comes home and it’s dirty.”

Eddie sputters because, *it’s not like that*, “We’re not doing anything *dirty*. ”

“Me and your mom were last night.”

“If we weren’t in such a compromising position right now, I would totally punch you in the dick.”

He really wouldn’t. He loves Richie, even if he does make his stupid “your mom” jokes at the most inappropriate times. Yet, he wouldn’t have it any other way.

Author's Note:

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